MAR-NEWS

VOL. 4. NO 1

FOOTBALL NUMBER

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FOOTBALL
VOL 4

NUMBER
NO 1

Scene from The Whole Town's Talking—

"Cooperation"

WHAT is "co-operation"? The word has been spoken and written about so many times that most all of us should know its meaning. Although it's a big word, there is often not much of it. That might sound contradictory on first reading, but, nevertheless, the fact remains that co-operation must be practised for success in any line of work or play.

On the bottom rung of the Ladder of Life comes, among others, the garbage collector. He must make his collections regularly, and work together with the people from whom he collects. Near the top sits the banker. He, to be successful, must co-operate with the officers and trustees of his bank, if he wishes it to progress. Glance at any business in between these two, and you'll find that an organization whose heads and employees work together gets the best results.

Our football team is an excellent example of this quality of co-operation. We had a successful season because the squad "clicked", that is, worked together, on the field.

Maybe some of the pupils who receive low marks in subjects and especially in deportment and effort, could bring that mark up if they would work with the teachers, in and out of classes.

Therefore, if you want high marks in your studies now, and wish to be successful in life after being graduated, just think of and practice that big word with an equally big meaning, "co-operation," and you'll be started on the right track.

Editor.

Our Football Campaign...

FOOTBALL at Marple-Newtown saw the end of a successful season on Thanksgiving Day, when the boys finished with a splendid record of seven wins, two defeats and one tie. The gridiron sport, which was introduced only three years ago at M-N, has made great progress under the very able coaching of Mr. Harry R. Harvey, and we are sure that in the near future he will be producing a team which will be a formidable opponent for any Delaware County high school.

The team started its activities earlier than usual this past season. Late in August about fifteen of the boys, led by Coach Harvey, pitched camp on the Darby Creek near Broomall, for the purpose of having a little practice before returning to school. The few days' practice and outdoor life did all the boys some good.

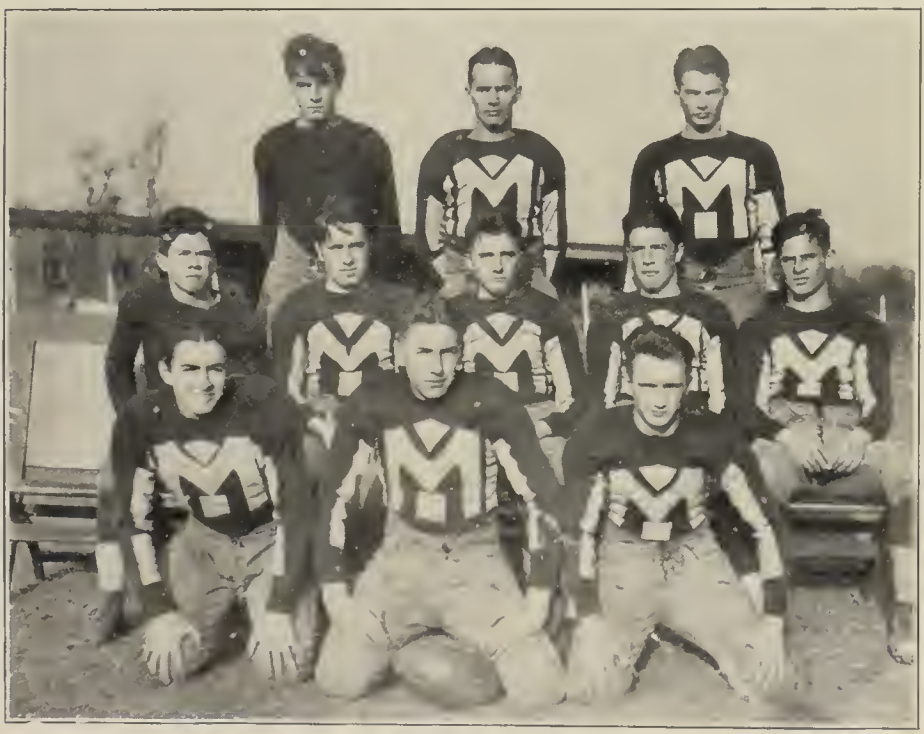
The beginning of school also began hard practice for the football squad. About the middle of September we had some practice scrimmage with the Haverford Junior High team. The regular season opened on September 26, when M-N journeyed to West Conshohocken High to gain an easy 32 to 7 victory. The advantage of good coaching and experience proved to be a great factor in the triumph of our boys. Our team was slightly heavier than their opponents and Bradley starred as the main cog in our trick plays.

The following Friday we encountered stiffer opposition in meeting the boys from East Greenville. Although the teams were evenly matched in size, our machine clicked well, and it came out on top, 18 to 0. Wallace our fullback, plowed and ripped the opposing line to shreds, and his great play was the highlight of the game.

Our grid aggregation reached its best form in its game with Spring City High School, played there on Saturday, October 10. The M-N boys were slightly outweighed, but, after halting Spring City on the one-foot line in the first quarter, held the opposing team scoreless during the remainder of the game. M-N's line was a stone wall, and it did heroic work while the backfield scored two spectacular touchdowns. The final score was 12 to 0.

The next Friday, the sixteenth, another tough battle awaited Coach Harvey's cohorts. At that time we met North Wales High on our home grounds. With the help of a break, our gang pushed over a touchdown in the first half, then worked their way over the chalkline for another in the final frame. The going was hard, and several times the big colored fullback of the visitors threatened to break away. They played our boys to a standstill, and the score of 12 to 0 is not fully representative of the relative power of the two teams.

In the game with Schwenksville High School, our team was victorious by a score of 26 to 0. The game was played on M-N soil on October 23, and with our backfield working to perfection, we ran roughshod over the visiting eleven. Bradley made several thrilling runs for Marple-Newtown.



Football Team 1930.

STANDING - TOBIN, WALLACE, R. ORTLIP.
SEATED - B. THOMAS, MAULE, HIBBERD, O'NEILL, WOZNIAK.
KNEELING - McLAUGHLIN, YERGER, G. ORTLIP.

Our Football Campaign...

With a string of five victories to our credit, the Riverside High School team finally took us into camp, overpowering us by a 24 to 0 score. Our boys could get nowhere with this bunch of huskies, but although greatly outweighed, the Orange and Black fought to the last. Bradley's brilliant return of a kickoff in the closing minutes of the contest was our only consolation. A large crowd witnessed the event, which took place on Saturday afternoon, November 1.

After partially recovering from our first reverse, we suffered a second setback the following Friday when we were beaten at Royersford High. Our opponents were heavier men, and won on their own merits, the score being 12 to 6. Bradley starred in several long gains for our boys. Willow Grove, which had been regularly scheduled for this date, forfeited to us, and gave us an unearned 1 to 0 triumph.

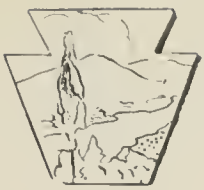
The day of November 14 was so wet and foggy that the scheduled Eddystone game was moved to the following Monday. In the mud and rain our squad fought their opponents to a scoreless draw. The muddy condition of the field and the difficulty in handling the pigskin were probably the main reasons why we were not "hitting on all four."

On November 21, we travelled to Bridgeport High, where we defeated an inexperienced team to the tune of 20 to 0. With such a bunch of big boys, the only reason they went down to defeat was their lack of experience. Tobin and Bradley were in the limelight for M-N. The unsportsmanlike attitude of those on the sidelines was a hindrance to both the players and the officials.

The result of our big game on Thanksgiving Day with Nether Providence was a complete surprise to ourselves as well as to our opponents. Starting with a 50-50 chance, our gang checked N. P. in a first quarter flareup, then pounded their way over the goal line on five occasions later in the contest. Bradley was the big star of the afternoon, scoring four touchdowns on his sweeping end runs. Great praise goes to Tobin, also, who was tackling and fighting in every play, and also found time to crash over for the first touchdown. The final count was 31 to 0.

With the happy conclusion of this year's grid season, football prospects for the future seem very briight at M-N. Two valuable members of the team will be graduated in June. Eddie O'Neill and Charlie Wallace have played since we first organized an eleven, and they have always given their best to both school and squad. Ray Ortlip, our captain and stellar field-general; Bradley, our fast, hard-hitting halfback, with 97 points to his credit for last season, and Johnny Tobin, who is coming along nicely at fullback, all intend to return next fall, and everybody is looking forward to a bigger and better football campaign for 1932.

As a post-season event, Mrs. Leon Thomas, of Larchmont, gave to the squad a dinner at her home on December 10. The boys presented Mr. Harvey with a trophy as a token of appreciation for his coaching and help. After the dinner, the boys enjoyed "Amos 'n Andy" in "Check and Double Check" at the Tower Theatre. John Tobin was elected captain of next year's team. Give the boy a hand!



Know Your State
by
Elizabeth Marston.

DO you enjoy motoring? We live in a very beautiful part of the country. Travelers say that next to London, Philadelphia has more beautiful suburbs than any large city of the world. Within a day's journey there are many beautiful trips.

For our first trip let us follow the Delaware River toward the north. There is a splendid road which for the most part follows the river along the bank. In some places there are palisades that rival the famous ones of the Hudson. We go through beautiful country sides and flash in and out of tiny villages. Some of them are famous in history. In Bordentown there is a wonderful estate where Napoleon's brother, then King of Spain, once lived. Finally we swing through the quaint hilly streets of Easton, then for miles on a splendid road along the river bank. It seems to us that all this wild country still looks as it did when the colonists first found their way through the Gap and so to the west. At last we see the rocky cliffs of the Gap itself ahead of us. An attractive little hamlet, Delaware Water Gap, nestles there. We have reached our destination. If we have time to take a trip on the river, we may indeed imagine ourselves back in the Colonial days with the Colonists and Indians.

Another day we do not choose to wander so far afield, but that need not make any difference. Just a few miles away is a national shrine which will probably never be surpassed in beauty. We never tire of going to Valley Forge. I shall not attempt to describe it, for you all know it as well as I. But have you discovered the tourists' camp where on cool autumn days, when one is always hungry, a delicious meal can be prepared on the open fireplace? Baked potatoes, perhaps a steak, or bacon, if one chooses. Oh! can anything taste better! But don't forget the butter and salt!

We have a grand sunny week-end ahead of us. Let us run into the Poconos, through Perkiomen Valley, over the Lehigh Mountains and so into Bethlehem, the town first settled by the Moravians. The oldest hotel in the country, Sun Inn, still stands here. We go on through Windy Gap, and on up, up, up, into the Poconos. On every side the hills stretch out before us, mile on mile, vistas of beauty. These are the mountains in autumn!

For an afternoon's trip, Fairmount Park offers possibilities. There are historic mansions furnished as museums, a restaurant where delicious meals may be had. Beautiful woodland paths invite the loiterers. The shimmering Schuylkill flows near by, and beyond is the new Art Museum. Run up the steps and look at the skyline of Philadelphia. You will be fortunate if it is while the sun is setting. On one of these misty autumn nights there is no more beautiful view of the city.

I'll just mention one more place, then you may tell your favorites. Not a motor trip this time, but a hike to our own Scout Hill. Do I hear any "no's?"

Almost A Victory

by Ruth Harvey

THE long hoped-for day arrived. I was notified at the breakfast table that father would take me in town today to receive my license.

I passed through the long school day in a trance. After school I met my father and we proceeded in town. During the ride in I was given many warnings and pieces of advice. We arrived at the police station at quarter after four.

I reported at the small office where I was put through a long list of questions by a bored looking "cop." Then a tall, surly policeman accompanied me to the machine. Father got out and I was all alone; the dreaded hour had arrived.

"Drive around the block, sister," said the "cop." This title so severely wounded my pride that I gave the car a jerk forward, almost knocking the policeman through the wind-shield. Out of the corner of my eye I could see a withering look being cast upon me. We were half-way around the block when I was told to turn around without touching either curb. A sickly little chill of fear rippled up and down my spine. Stopping in the middle of the street I looked carefully around for any obstacles. That unsympathetic human was still sitting along side of me looking stonily ahead. I put the car in reverse and started back at a terrific speed. Realizing that I was almost touching the curb I felt wildly for the brake and finding it, I dealt it a severe blow which brought instant results. Being then on an incline it was necessary to pull the hand gas down quite a piece to keep from slipping back. I then let out my clutch with a jerk and we landed, immediately if not sooner, on the opposite side of the street, both front wheels firmly planted on the side walk. I looked around for my companion and to my amazement he was standing on the pavement, trying to collect himself and glowering at me.

"You may take the car back; your father's standing in front of the station; I'll walk back," he said in a strained voice.

"Yes sir," said a small insignificant voice from the inside of the raging machine.

Little Robert came downstairs one morning to find it very, very foggy outside. He looked out the window and suddenly exclaimed:

"Gee, mother, I'm not going out this morning."

Mother (bewildered): "And why not?"

Robert: "There's a big bear or something outside."

Mother: "What makes you think that?"

Robert: "Can't you see his breath?"

Arthur Maule.

The Big Game
by
Edward O'Neill

IT was an ordinary looking envelope with an ornate seal in the upper left hand corner but to me the contents were invaluable. Two tickets for the "Votre Fame-Podunk Tech" game. I had procured the precious cardboards only after a long wait and then, because I was an old graduate of "Votre Fame."

The next Saturday turned out to be dreary and cold, as big game days usually are. I drove over to the boss's house for his daughter (the only reason she was going with me was that I was the only one she knew that had tickets). Soon we were driving stadiumward. As it was only one o'clock, and the game started at two, I thought we had plenty of time, but the Fates were against us.

The police force must plot against the automobilist, for the stoplights that afternoon ran wild. All the way to the game we literally "saw red." At last we found ourselves near the field (six blocks away) and after much difficulty got the car parked. I looked at my watch: "1.55," it said.

Descending from the car we hurried along with the throng toward the field. We had not gone ten steps when one of those youthful robbers who sell pennants accosted us.

One dollar and fifty cents and myself parted company then, and in return I received a Votre Fame pennant. (This youthful Jessie James probably bought it for fifteen or twenty cents.) Further on the cry of: "Program, only official program" stopped us. "O get a program," pipes "the femme" at my side. I did get two and another dollar went "bye-bye." Chrysanthemums were next. Two of those took another dollar from my rapidly diminishing bankroll.

At last we reached the field; after a close scrutiny of my tickets by the guardian of the gate we were inside. I showed my tickets to an usher and he made a vaque motion upward which might have meant anything. After climbing for what seemed an interminable time we found the row in which our seats were located. After stumbling over a long row of feet we arrived at our destination and sat down.

The game was already in progress, in fact the first quarter was nearly over. Neither team had scored as yet, so we were lucky. Then Kossaloski, the big Irish fullback, broke loose and was off down the field. Weaving, dodging, straight-arming he made his way for forty yards when the safety man downed him.

As I sank back to my seat the sweet young ning at my side inquired: "How much does he get for that, Ed?"

Luckily my attention was attracted by a "hot dog" seller. His cry was: "They're all hot. Who'll have a hot lunch?" I motioned for him and

The Big Game (CONTINUED)

got two lukewarm, anaemic-looking sausages wrapped in stale rolls. For this, the Gerald Chapman in disguise, wanted forty cents.

The half ended with the score remaining 0-0. The rival bands paraded on the field and the crowd took themselves under the stands. Hot drinks were welcomed, so at a small stand I bought four for only sixty cents.

When the weather is cold people usually put alcohol in the radiators of their cars and, from what I saw under the stands, there must have been a lot of people who believed that their bodies were radiators.

At last we got back to our seats. We were just in time, for the two teams were lined up for the kick off. Nickovitch kicked off for Podunk. It was a fine kick, back to the five yard line. Jakey Cohen, the French quarterback for the Votre Fame, caught it and was off behind perfect interference. From that time on all I saw was a white coat, a hot dog vendor was parked in front of me. By the time he moved, the ball was being taken out for the try for the extra point. I had missed one of the most spectacular plays of the season.

The two teams battled back and forth for two more quarters during which I was continually pestered by silly questions from the contents of the fur coat beside me. As all things must end, the game ended and we made our way out of the stadium.

Through the falling twilight we sought the car. At last we found it, but to my surprise, I saw a red ticket hanging on the handle of the door. I looked around and saw a fireplug which had been hidden from my sight.

Dejectedly I climbed into the car and started the motor. Through the maze of traffic, I directed my way to the boss's house. There I left his daughter and then home I went.

Here is an inventoried list of my expenses:

Tickets	$10.00
Pennant	1.50
Programs	1.00
Chrysanthemums	1.00
Hot Dogs	.40
Drinks	.60
Fine for parking	7.50

Twenty-five "bucks" for nothing, or at least almost nothing. "I'm offa wimmen fer life."

Christmas Shopping

by Matilda Martin

SINCE the custom of giving gifts at Christmas is prevalent among us, Christmas Shopping has become the foremost problem of this season of the year.

Christmas shopping may usually be defined as "A mad rush, a few days before Christmas, through crowded streets and stores in a frantic effort to obtain the article in question." Again Christmas shopping may be "A leisurely process on the part of thoughtful persons which is completed by the end of October, and which consists of numerous 'tours' through the city long before the papers advertise 'Only 30 More Shopping Days Until Christmas.'" "Shop Early and Avoid the Rush" and many other similar reminders."

Christmas shopping may be a serious proposition but it also has its amusing side. I shall never forget the experience I had years ago. I felt rather grand and exalted. I was going Christmas shopping! Of course, mother went along, much to my dismay. This was the only time I could get what I wanted for her—so then the fun began We went into one store after another. Finally I saw the very thing. I also saw the price. My time was limited. So were my funds! I tried losing my fond parent in the crowds, but to no avail. Frantically, away I dashed around the counter. Fond mama pursued me.

"Don't go away, dear," said she.

"All right, I won't," I prevaricated.

"I have to get something on the next floor," went on mother. "Oh, come on! Here's an elevator going up." She flew across the floor expecting me to follow her example but I walked leisurely after her and saw her beckoning finger as she glided upward. At last! I was free. I spent five minutes searching for the right counter.

"Green or pink?" questioned the clerk.

"Green," said I.

"Green what?" said a voice behind me. My mother. A dangerous look in her eyes. "Come right along; you have enough of those at home."

Of course I went. I had to; and it was on Christmas Eve after numerous failures that mother almost caught father "slipping" me a rather suspicious-looking package but with which I luckily escaped to my room.

Miss Passmore (in Physics Class): "Now, in order that work be done, something has to be moved. Now, I can lean against this desk all period and yet not do any work."

Class (in unison): "Ain't it the truth!"

Bob McLaughlin.

Historical New England

by Dorothea Martin

LAST summer I took the most interesting trip to historical, old New England. Of course we stopped at Boston and saw the capitol building with its gilded dome blazing in the sunlight. A quaint old church near at hand with its customary graveyard is the home of many russet colored squirrels who run in and out of the church, as was probably the custom of their ancestors who watched the sexton rap the heads of sleeping gentlemen. These squirrels are fed by passersby and show none of their proverbial timidity. Boston Common is now a fine park. It contains a lake, bordered by many graceful weeping willows. On the lake are many swans. I was wondering why a city as large as Boston should have such small, narrow, winding streets. Daddy said the early colonists had let their cattle roam where are now main thoroughfares, and when the streets were cobbled, they used the well-worn cattle paths.

At Bunker Hill we registered in a large book, where tourists from all over the country register. We climbed about three hundred and fifty steps; when we reached the top, the air was rather cold, but we had a wonderful view of the country side, and even saw the University of Technology at Cambridge in the distance.

On our way to Salem we saw an old hill and were told it was the burning place of witches in the days of Salem Witchcraft. At Salem we visited the House of the Seven Gables, the home of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and so named for the seven gables. In the house we saw Grandfather's Chair, the very one we hear so much about in Hawthorne's book, "Grandfather's Chair." The secret stairway interested me because it is built between the walls and is very dark, being lighted only by a candle in the corner. This staircase was used only in times of war, as it was hard to gain entrance, for it was opened by a sliding panel. The fireplace was probably the most interesting feature of the house, as it was much larger than any Colonial fireplace I have ever seen. In the firepiace were many kettles, cauldrons, ladles, and other useful Colonial household utensils.

I have had the opportunity to visit many places but none have so fascinated me as New England. When I study early Colonial history, the home life is now more interesting. Hawthorne's tales likewise are interesting, for I see "Grandfather's Chair," and other things mentioned by Nathaniel Hawthorne in his stories.

Mr. Harvey (in shorthand class): "The next word is 'riot.' You all know how 'i' is expressed when followed by a vowel . . . Annabelle, what vowel follows 'i' in 'riot'?"

Annabelle (very inattentive): "Oh—oh—"

Mr. Harvey: "That's right!"

My Freshman. . . . . Auditorium Speech

by Betty Clark.

WE all realized the day would come when the teacher would say in her matter-of-fact voice, "Now, Freshmen, it is your turn next. I hope we may have as good speeches from you as from the preceding classes."

After two weeks of endless labor I was at last prepared. My topic being, as I thought, rather original, was hard to remember. It was called "Club Women Make Move to Put Bells on All Cats in Order to Protect Mice."

At last the fatal morning arrived. Seated at the end of the first row, I said over and over the first sentence while Miss Rhoads read the Bible. This morning I shut my eyes tight and said the prayer with much enthusiasm. I felt that I needed all the help I could get.

Mr. Worrall rose to make about six announcements and then, "Betty Clark will talk on the subject, 'Club Women Make Move to Put Bells on All Cats in Order to Protect Mice'."

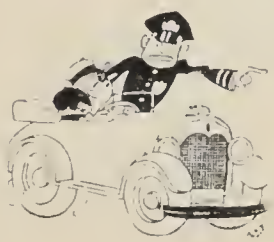
I came slowly to my feet and walked the miles to the front of the room. I started off on my first sentence. Something choked me. My knees were not behaving at all well. I started slowly and gradually gained speed till I was hitting sixty miles an hour. Suddenly I ran out of gas. I stopped with a jerk and gazed thoughtfully out of the window.

With a shudder I remembered to refrain from looking out the window and I leaned peacefully against the wall. A Senior gave a knowing giggle; there and then I realized how little Seniors were worth.

Finally I resumed about six paragraphs before I left off. After two minutes of stopping and starting I finally stopped for good.

I do not remember getting to my seat. The applause was not loud, to me, for I remained in a daze.

The music struck up "March of Victory" and I walked out, feeling like Napoleon after Waterloo.



There was a young man from Boston,
Who drove a new little Austin;
And when he did park
With his girl in the dark,
The cop thought the child's nurse had lost 'em.

Alma Russell.

THE BALLAD WRITER

The Ballad Writer thought in vain,
And still no form of ballad
Did penetrate his weary mind—
Except that of Fruit Salad!

For seconds, minutes, hours, weeks,
For oh! so many days,
And still he saw but lettuce green
Adorned with mayonnaise.

He tried to think of martyrs brave
With faces drawn and pallid,
But still th' eternal topic came—
The terrible Fruit Salad!

He tried to think of knights of old
Who villians' deeds did foil;
When suddenly the enormous man
Became a cup grapefruit.

He thought of mighty Atlas, then
A monstrously great brute;
And still the awful thing kept on,
Adorned with olive oil.

Then nuts and raisins fell upon
This writer of the ballad;
Until at last he cried with pain,
"I'll write about fruit salad!"

And now, I'll tell you the great truth,
(You may have guessed it sooner)
This writer was no other than
A MOST ILLUSTRIOUS JUNIOR.

Susanne Loder.

THE CAR AND THE BOY

The little boy says, go,
The little car says, stay;
And O, it's bad to have a flat,
If eager to get away.

The little boy, like me,
Should take the turns—and slow;
But, delayed with a flat,
The car e'en won't go slow!

But speed I must, my dears,
And hurry while I may;
Though angry at the flat,
Which caused so much delay.

Maybe, no other way
You boy could ever know,
Why one flat tire makes much delay,
When you just had to go.

William Yerger.

THREE unseeing rodents! Three unseeing rodents!
Remark how they progress! Remark how they progress!
Collectively they acted in a way as to suggest motion and advanced upon the wife of a person whose occupation was cultivating the land.

She in order to retaliate for their misdeed, immediately removed from them their appendages.

Have you ever beheld such a spectacular incident in your period of existence as three unseeing rodents?

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